*All deere natures children: ſweete-*
*Ly fore Bride and Bridegroomes feete* *Strew Flowers.*
*Bleſſing their ſence.*
*Not an angle of the aire,*
*Bird melodious, or bird faire,*
*Is abſent hence.*

*The Crow, the ſlaundrous Cuckoe, nor*
*The boding Raven, nor Clough hee*
*Nor chattring Pie,*
*May on our Bridehouſe pearch or ſing,*
*Or with them any diſcord bring*
*But from it fly.*

*Enter 3. Queenes in Blacke, with vailes ſtaind, with impe-riall Crownes. The 1. Queene fals downe at the foote of Theſeus; The 2. fals downe at the foote of Hypolita. The 3. before Emilia.*

1. *Qu.* For pitties ſake and true gentilities,
Heare, and reſpect me.

2. *Qu.* For your Mothers ſake,
And as you wiſh your womb may thrive with faire ones,
Heare and reſpect me,

3. *Qu.* Now for the love of him whom *Iove* hath markd
The honour of your Bed, and for the ſake
Of cleere virginity, be Advocate
For us, and our diſtreſſes: This good deede
Shall raze you out o'th Booke of Treſpaſſes
All you are ſet downe there.

*Theſeus.* Sad Lady riſe.

*Hypol.* Stand up.

*Emil.* No knees to me.
What woman I may ſteed that is diſtreſt,
Does bind me to her.

*Theſ.* What's your requeſt? Deliver you for all.

1. *Qu.* We are 3. Queenes, whoſe Soveraignes fel before
The wrath of cruell *Creon*; who endured
The Beakes of Ravens, Tallents of the Kights,

And



And pecks of Crowes, in the fowle f
He will not ſuffer us to burne their b
To urne their aſhes, nor to take th' of
Of mortall loathſomenes from the bl
Of holy *Phœbus*, but infects the wind
With ſtench of our ſlaine Lords. O pit
Thou purger of the earth, draw thy fe
That does good turnes to'th world; g
Of our dead Kings, that we may Chapp
And of thy boundles goodnes take ſo
That for our crowned heades we have
Save this which is the Lyons, and the
And vault to every thing.

*Theſ.* Pray you kneele not,
I was tranſported with your Speech,
Your knees to wrong themſelves; I ha
Of your dead Lords, which gives me ſ
As wakes my vengeance, and revenge
King *Capaneus*, was your Lord the d
That he ſhould marry you, at ſuch a ſ
As now it is with me, I met your Groo
By *Marſis Altar*, you were that time
Not *Iunos Mantle* fairer then your Tr
Nor in more bounty ſpread her. Your
Was then nor threaſhd, nor blaſted; F
Dimpled her Cheeke with ſmiles: *He*
(Then weaker than your eies) laide by
He tumbled downe upon his Nenuan
And ſwore his ſinews thawd: O greife,
Fearefull conſumers, you will all devou

1. *Qu.* O I hope ſome God,
Some God hath put his mercy in your
Whereto heel infuſe powre, and preſſe y
Our under taker.

*Theſ.* O no knees, none Widdow,
Vnto the Helmeted-Belona uſe them,
And pray for me your Souldier.
Troubled I am.



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